LITTLE ELSIE.

[Dinah Mulock Craik in Harper's Monthly.]

Ah, don't come a-wooing with your long, long face,
And your longer purse behind;
I'm a bright young girl, and I know my place,
And I think I know my mind.
I like to laugh, and to dance and sing,
And to tease my parents dear.
My brothers call me a "tiresome thing;"
But they wouldn't miss me here.

O 'tis I am my mother's heart's delight,
And my father's right hand brave.
Would I leave my home so free and bright
To be a rich man's slave?
Would I buy myself a gown of silk
In a grand dull house to pine,
When I've boys to play with and cows to milk
And the whole fair world is mine?

Ah, don't come talking of the cares of life;
My head is gold, not gray;
And it's my desire to be no man's wife—
At least, not just to-day.
But I've a heart, and it's warm and true,
And I'll keep it safe, at ease;
And if one I love should come to woo,
I'll give it—when I please!

MILLIONS OF ORANGES.

Steamships which Do Little Else than Bring Foreign Fruits.

[New York Sun.]

It is said that twenty-four steamships are kept busy by one firm in bringing fruit from the Mediterranean ports to New York. Twelve of them are passenger vessels, the greater parts of whose cargoes are composed of fruit. The other twelve are freight vessels, whose westward cargoes are composed wholly of fruit. The cargoes are discharged at a Brooklyn pier, near the Wall Street ferry. The firm has just finished an extensive sales-room, which is said to constitute the most extensive fruit market in this country. Sales take place at noon on the day after a cargo has arrived. A crowd of importers, brokers, grocers, venders, and western buyers is always on hand. Each importer to whom fruit has been consigned opens two boxes as samples, and the contents of these are overhauled by prospective buyers.

When the auctioneer mounts his stand in the sales-room, men who look like tramps jostle their fashionably-clad fellow-bidders, and when they raise their hands the auctioneer is quick to catch their bids, for he knows their checks are as good as wheat.

Many of the purchased goods are hurried off to Chicago, St. Louis, and other western shipping points in refrigerator cars. In the steamships the boxes of fruit are piled so that air can circulate freely all about them, and strong currents of air are kept up through the holds by means of wind sails.

A box of oranges landed in Brooklyn has cost, everything included, two dollars. It brings from one dollar to five dollars, according to its condition and the state of the market. The ocean freight cost is thirty cents. The season here for oranges lasts from early December until early June. Then the dried fruit trade begins. This lasts until December. It is said that 1,000,000 boxes of raisins are often received in one month.

A Dude on a Spree.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Speaking of dudes reminds me of an incident that occasioned talk at the Casino last Thursday night. During the performance of Falka, and in the middle of an act, when one of the actresses was singing a solo on the stage, a little dude, whose face is familiar to everybody at Delmonico's, the Hoffman house, and the Brunswick, staggered bungingly in. He was evidently under the influence of liquor. One of his legs is deformed, and he has a painful limp; this, coupled with his condition, made locomotion a matter of considerable uncertainty with him. He is a shallow-looking man, with weak eyes and a receding chin. His hair is parted in the middle and elaborately banged and bandolined. He wears several rings on his left hand, a small chain bracelet on his right wrist, and seven or eight suits a week.

He wore evening dress, with a white waistcoat, buttoned with five gold buttons, and had a huge cat eye, surrounded by a diamond, in his shirt front. His neck tie was disarranged, and his collar bent over in front, where his head hung heavily on his breast. He took the most prominent box in the theatre, sat there and stared stolidly at the stage. Every one looked at him. He fell asleep eventually, and was not awakened until the performance was over, when an usher assisted him to the elevator. Once there he insisted upon going up on the roof, though the ushers tried to get him to his carriage. He became ugly and silly by turns.

At length he was seated on the roof where the people, as they wandered about, gazed at him curiously. He ordered a bottle of champagne for himself, and when it came, emptied it slowly into one of the flower pots which stood near by and ordered another bottle. Then he drew a handful of money out of his trouser's pocket, piled it upon the table, and selecting a new $20 bill, drew a cigarette from his pocket and told the waiter to bring a match to him. The waiter struck a match and the little dude touched the $20 bill to it. He lighted the cigarette with it, watched it consume, and tossed a $10 bill to the waiter. The crowed half-hissed him, and the headwaiter made the waiter return the $10 bill which the dude had given him. When he did so, the overdressed midget took the $10 carelessly in his hand and tore it slowly into shreds as he smoked his cigarette. Then the manager came up and without more ado had him hustled into the elevator, thence to his cab, and taken home.

Painful to the Other Puppy.

[Burlington Free Press.]

A fashionable exchange says: "Silver collars for pet dogs are inscribed, 'I'm Miss Daisy Jones' dog, whose dog are you?'" Must be rather embarrassing when a dude catches the dog and reads the inscription.

HOW ACTORS WRITE THEIR NAMES.

Some Plain, Some Fancy, and Some Almost Undecipherable.

[New York Mail and Express.]

Joe Jefferson's penmanship would be almost undecipherable if the name were not recognized by the J's and f's. These letters seem strung along on an inky wave.

Charles Wyndham has a breezy signature that wanders up the page in an erratic sort of way, but can be quite easily interpreted.

Billy Florence writes his name without allowing the pen to leave the paper until all is over. It is, therefore, hard to read.

Rose Eytinge's signature is in a wood-type size of a letter, with a dash of diplomacy and a shriek of emotion in every character.

John McCullough is not a good penman; the letters are not more than half formed, and look rude enough to have been written with a shovel; still they are quite plain.

Margaret Mather's signature is very sick-looking. The handwriting is that of a novice, and the poorest in the whole collection.

There is a great deal of dialect in Fanny Janauschek's signature. It is about three-fourths German and the rest a mixture of Fulton street and the United States.

Edwin Booth's crank signature starts in wildly by jumbling the first three letters hopelessly together; but comes out clearly and distinctly in the last name, and winds up with great flourish across the paper.

Thomas W. Keene's signature is in strange contrast to his style of acting. Not a flourish mars it, and nobody would take it to be the handwriting of a voracious scene eater.

J. A. Stoddart, the comedian, is a little nervous in handling his pen, but signs his name in a neat, round hand, not unlike Oscar Wilde's style of penmanship.

James O'Neill would not represent his country very well in a writing contest. His style is large and unshapely, and the signature is made without lifting the pen.

J. K. Emmet writes his name in a large, angular hand, the initial letters being tangled up as cleverly as any bank signature that was ever seen.

Stuart Robson makes a separate start at each letter in his name, and is quite dudesque in his signature.

W. H. Crane writes a plain, round back-hand, and finishes with a flourish under the signature.

Alice Harrison signs herself in a manly way for the whole family, which includes herself and her two clever brothers. "Three of a kind" is what she calls the group.

Maggie Mitchell's signature is plain and unassuming as she is herself.

Modjeska writes a pretty hand, but quite foreign. "Helene Mojeska" is the way she puts it.

Jeffreys Lewis writes a big, bold hand, and evidently means it, too.

Mary Anderson signs herself like a woman who was ambitious of distinction. She begins by making a wild dash at the M, hurries over to the big A, tangles that up in a mazy sort of way with the first syllable of her last name, and then finishes the signature with an impulsive flourish that paralyzes the reader. It is not easily interpreted. One would take it for the signature of a man who wanted to be original and was making a terrible attempt to accomplish something in that direction.

Looking Into the Hold.

[Chicago News.]

Boston people tell a somewhat amusing story about Mr. Charles Perkins, commodore of the Hull Yacht club. Mr. Perkins, it seems, is a popular and well-to-do picture-frame dealer in the Bean city, and having any quantity of leisure on his hands he concluded to join the Hull Yacht club. Combining every element of popularity, he was soon elected commodore of that organization, and a formal reception was given in his honor on board the flagship of the squadron. Now, while Mr. Perkins was thoroughly acquainted with every detail of the picture-frame business, he was wofully uninformed as to nautical matters, and hardly had he boarded the yacht on the evening of the ovation to him than he made a most compromising break. Surrounded by his fellow-sailors he proudly paced the deck of the yacht till he came to one of the traps leading down into the hold. Pausing here and peering cautiously into the empty space below, an expression of surprise illuminated his countenance and he exclaimed: "Gosh! the darned thing's holler, ain't it?"

Found the Jug of Water.

[Exchange.]

A southern army surgeon tells the following story of the battle of Chickamauga: "The hottest part of the fight was on Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday night we were expecting to renew the fight the next day. I turned to Mr. M—. Says I: 'Andrew, look in that ambulance and you will find a two-gallon jug. Take it down in yonder ravine and bring it full of water. If any of the boys get hurt to-morrow they might suffer for water. He took the jug and went off, and I neither heard nor saw any more of Andrew till Tuesday, after the fight was over. He came up almost breathless with the jug of water. 'Doctor,' says he, 'I found the water at last; I would have brought it if it had taken me three weeks to find it!'"

Knew Where She Belonged.

[New York Sun.]

"Tickets, please," said the conductor, as the train pulled out of the Grand Central station last night.

"Ah, owing to my delayed appearance at the deppo," said a young lady passenger, "caused by a most unfortunate chain of circumstances, quite unnecessary to particularize, I found it impossible to purchase a ticket in time to catch the train. Would it be conformable with the rules of the company, sir, if I were to tender my fare to you!"

"Not—not entirely," gasped the frightened conductor. "Bu—but in this case I will make it so. Your fare to Boston, ma'am, is $5.

Inside the Organ.

The choir in a church in New Hampshire couldn't make out why the treble notes of the organ all of a sudden kept getting so much stronger than the bass, until they opened the thing and found a half-starved cat in there.

HEBREWS IN BUSINESS.

Something About the Men Who Do Much of New York's Business.

[Boston Herald.]

Considering the small number of Jews in New York—only 60,000—in comparison with the number of Christians, their success in the business world is simply phenomenal. There are millions upon millions of Jewish capital invested here in the wholesale trade. In fact, the business in many lines of trade is nearly monopolized by Jewish firms. I started from Union square the other morning and walked down Broadway to Wall street, following the interesting occupation of some of my fellow beings from the country, namely, of reading signs. I counted no less than 650 upon which Jewish names were painted. These names represented almost every kind of wholesale and jobbing trade located on the great artery. The millinery, clothing, hat, cap and fur trades predominated. I also found many retailers of Jewish nationality. In one block I found only one Christian firm.

Turning Wall street, I found the same evidences of Jewish prosperity, only in a lesser degree, among bankers and brokers. Two of the largest banking houses in the country, J. & J. W. Seligman, and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., are distinctively Jewish. In the stock exchange are the Henriques Bros., Wormser, Marx, and a host of others, all of whom stand high, and wield an influence among their fellow members, and carry large accounts for their customers. In Maiden lane and John street, the center of the wholesale and retail jobbing jewelry trade of the country, the name of the Hebrew is found right and left, above and below. A round five million dollars of capital is employed by the Jews in this trade alone, and with it they transact fully thirty-three per cent. of the business done in it.

West of Broadway, in Broome, Mercer, White, Leonard, Greene, Grand and other streets comprising the great dry goods and clothing districts, is a modern Jerusalem. Seventy per cent. of the entire wholesale clothing trade is done by Jews, who employ a capital of twenty-five million dollars. In clothiers' trimmings the Jews have ten million dollars invested.

Ninety-five per cent. of the ladies' cloaks and suits sold throughout the country come from New York Hebrew houses, who annually turn and return fifty million dollars of capital. In the fur trade fifty per cent. of the firms are Jewish, and the capital invested is fifteen million dollars. The Hebrew controls exclusively the manufacture of caps, and on about forty per cent. of the hats made he figures his profits. In the manufacture of silks and ribbons the Jew is at home. His capital here amounts to twenty-five million dollars, and of the business in this line of feminine apparel he transacts sixty per cent. He is also active in the tobacco, sugar, and wholesale liquor traffic, holding large interests in each. Strange to say, the Jew is never found in the retail liquor business. "Gin mills and "gin slinging" he gives the grand go-by, and allows our statesmen of Hibernian and German extraction to run the saloon without his interference or competition. There is not a bar, I am told, in Gotham, presided over by a Hebrew.

The Soap Caper.

[Boston Courier.]

A very successful swindle, operated by street peddlers, is what is technically known as the "soap caper." Any common soap will wash the dust out of a grease spot, and a person is apt to come to the conclusion that the stain itself has been taken out, until more dust accumulates on the grease and he finds himself mistaken. For the purposes of the swindle two fellows will buy a lot of cheap soap and cut it up into small pieces, which are daintily perfumed and nicely wrapped in fancy colored paper. This is all the stock in trade needed, except a generous allowance of cheek. One of the fellows dresses himself up like a dude and generally conducts himself so that everybody to whom he appeals makes fun of him. Perhaps he does sell a few pieces of the soap, for it appears to do what is claimed for it, but he purposely makes such an ass of himself that nobody wants to trade with him.

Soon, when he is boasting of how much soap he can sell in a day, a common-looking fellow in the crowd calls out: "Well, why don't you sell it, then?" and at once they get into a wrangle, which is ended by the plain fellow betting that he can sell more soap in ten minutes than the proprietor of the stand can sell in half an hour. The bet is generally quite a large one, and as sympathy is entirely with the common-looking fellow the crowd comes to his support, and he rapidly sells out his share of the soap, and finally also disposes of the greater part of the other's packages. It is needless to say that the fellows are confederates, and are playing into each other's hands. Two good operators can make tremendous profits by working this game, and they run no risk of being arrested.

Dignity and High Hats.

[New York Times.]

There is a town in Illinois which desires to add to its dignity. Accordingly "forty merchants" have signed a pledge to wear high hats "to increase the dignity of the town." In view of the fact that the hot weather is just at hand, the sincerity of the forty cannot be doubted. The merchants evidently suppose that to wear a high hat is the easiest way in which to confer dignity upon themselves and their town. A man dressed in a black cloth coat and trousers and a black satin waistcoat is always entitled to be regarded as a leading citizen, but he is not necessarily dignified. If, however, he puts on a high hat he at once becomes a dignified, and, in some cases, a venerable fellow-townsman. When the forty merchants don their high hats they will gain immensely in the respect of their fellow-citizens, who will begin to feel that their town is a center of culture and influence, and needs a university, an opera-house, and a lawn tennis club.

When you get into a towering passion you sit astride a horse that is likely to run away with you.